

JUDGE DOAN'S HOME WHERE MRS. DOAN IS

How Well Known Jurist Settles the Dilemma Placed Before Him

The Arizona Republican is now reporting a department where the head "Heard in the Lobby." The man who supplies the copy for this department is supposed to write about prominent guests at the Phoenix hotels, tell who they are and what they say. We find in Sunday Morning's Republican the following about Judge Doan of this city:

"Judge Fletcher M. Doan of Tombstone has been in Phoenix since last Monday evening, when he came up to attend the supreme court. The judge stops at the Adams Annex, and says he is treated well there, which he ought to be, for he has been here for some time. He is a man of some distinction, and rather than that he has some confusion in his mind to know where his home is located, and he ought to have every attention necessary to alleviate this sorrow for this uncertainty. The fact is, the judge is not homesick. On the contrary he is the best 'home' man in the territory, for he has three, every one of them claiming him, and his only dilemma lies in his inability to determine which one is 'it.' He has a sixteen room house at Florence, fitted up to suit his own individual ideas of what a home and particularly his home ought to be. He has another house at Tombstone, where he has been since he has been here. He has still another at Douglas, where Mrs. Doan has gone to live, the high altitude at Tombstone not agreeing with her, and as a result—the judge scarcely knows what to say when the question 'where do you live?' is asked. When fairly pushed to the wall for an answer, he finally chose Douglas as the favored spot, for the one, single, and sufficient reason that his wife is there, and the other two homes were relegated to second place. This proves the judge an American gentleman of the old school, who still holds the banner of gallantry."

ANOTHER CASE OF SMALLPOX FOUND

But Situation in Douglas Is Not Regarded as Serious At Present

(Douglas International.) Not two, but one case of smallpox was found yesterday, so that there are now two cases in the hospital for contagious diseases, and have been three reported in the city this spring. The situation is not at all dangerous at the present time, but it is such that vaccination is advisable among all these who have not been recently vaccinated. It was announced when the first case was discovered that City Physician Dr. Greene was ready to vaccinate all who applied for the preventive treatment without charge, but he stated this morning that only a comparative few had taken advantage of the offer.

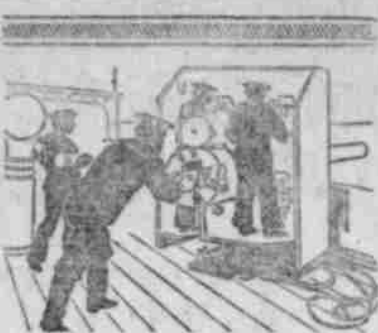
Yesterday a third case of smallpox was discovered. The patient is a child in a Mexican family that has lived in this city for about two years. The little one was at once taken to the hospital and was accompanied by its mother. The premises where the case was found, at the corner of Seventh street and Railroad avenue, were at once placed under quarantine, as were the adjoining premises. A careful watch will be kept over the residents of these buildings for signs of the disease.

Speaking of smallpox this morning Dr. Greene said: "I do not think there is danger of an epidemic, but it is disquieting to have the disease appear and should result in precautions being taken. This is being done by the officials, but the people should also act in the way of using preventive measures. The case of Stanford was not a pronounced one, that of Henry is more so, and it remains to be seen how the case of the Mexican child will develop. I see no occasion for alarm at this time."

As the child that was yesterday found affected with smallpox had been in attendance at the Second street school, the school board at once took the precautionary measure of closing the school. So soon as it is manifest that there has been no contagion among the children the school will reopen.

INTEREST IN BIG BOAT RACE
LONDON, March 29.—Thousands of spectators, including a liberal representation of the betting fraternity, lined the banks of the Thames today to witness the Oxford and Cambridge crews in their final practice for the big annual boat race. The race will be rowed Saturday over the usual course from Putney to Mortlake and the general opinion is that it will be a much closer and more interesting contest than that of last year.

DON'T FORGET THE REGULAR SATURDAY NIGHT DANCE AT THE LOWELL CLUB, BRENNAN ORCHESTRA.



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MAJOR GARDNER TELLS GOOD INDIAN STORY

(Douglas International.) Major Gardner of the First Cavalry, now stationed here, has a vast store of good stories and reminiscences, garnered during his extensive military career, which he readily shares upon when they are appropriate to the apparent inability of people to understand when they do not desire to, he last evening narrated the following:

"It was in the days of my lieutenantcy and we were stationed among the Sioux Indians. The commander of the post was temporarily away and I was in command in his absence, when a delegation of Indians appeared to make a request. They were received in quarters where there was a clock on the wall. With the exception of a little girl of some ten or twelve years whom they brought with them all of the party pretended to understand no English. The little girl stated their case to me and I explained that it would have to be presented to the commander who was away. This she stated to the stolid faced bucks and then inquired from me when I expected him. At 11 o'clock I said, and to my surprise each and every one of the bucks who a minute before had not understood a word of English glanced up at the clock on the wall to see how long they would have to wait."

Another good story told by Major Gardner was the seeing of a mere child among the Sioux participating in the dance of warriors wearing a single feather. "I was watching a dance of the Sioux one night," the major continued when I saw a young boy among the dancers, and wearing the feather to show that he had counted koo. It is not sufficient among the Sioux that a man kill an enemy to become a warrior; he must also touch the dead man with the koo stick or count koo as they term it. How this child could have killed an enemy mystified me, and yet I knew that the wearing of a feather was an important and solemn matter with them, and could not be obtained without meeting the requirements. I was interested enough to make inquiry and learned that during a fight a squaw with a tiny child in her arms, a boy little more than a baby, was hiding in the brush. The mother saw an enemy fall shot, nearby, and recognizing that he was dead made her way to him with her boy. She placed a stick in the little one's hand and had him touch the body with it and count koo. On the occasion of the next dance she presented the child and said 'My son is a warrior. He has counted koo and must be decorated.' Then she told her story and under the custom of the Sioux her demand was granted. That was how a little child came to wear the feather and dance with the warriors."

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DOWN BY THE RIO GRANDE

The Bravery of a Woman and the Saving of a Life.

By CURRAN R. GREENLEY.

The long gray adobe walls of the hacienda lay bathed in the quiver of yellow light. Alleyne watched Margaret's face for a sign of truce, but the shadows came and went between the vines that draped the patio as the interminable Sabbath afternoon dragged away and Margaret remained buried in her book. "And all about a beggarly horse thief," he murmured to himself as he sat up straight and sent the pile of magazines crashing to the floor.

There was a look of consciousness about the back of that shapely brown head that told itself so persistently averted, but Alleyne deemed it wiser not to reopen the subject of Miguel.

Over in the coral thicket were a deserted air. Two or three men lounged in the shade of the high wall. Alleyne yawned and looked at his watch and at a faint movement of the figure in the rocker. "Margaret, I"—Crack-ack-ack! Somewhere away to the west three shots rang out in rapid succession, a pause and then three more.

Over in the coral the lounging figures sprang to life, and an instant later three ponies were galloping in the direction of the shots. Alleyne dashed into the house, reappearing with the field glasses. "They've got him!" He was peering at a collection of black dots on the edge of the horizon.

"Got who?" Margaret laid her hand upon his arm.

"The mischief!" Alleyne jerked the glasses down. "I forgot you were here." Under her steady gaze his color changed. "Yes, if you will have the whole ghastly truth and cannot be persuaded to stay out of it, it's that second Miguel."

Margaret shrank away from him with a low cry of distress. The look in her eyes went straight to Alleyne's heart, and his voice softened to a tender pleading as he tried to draw her to him. "Little woman, you cannot be the judge of these matters, and you cannot shield a horse thief. I could have told you this morning, but I preferred to let you think me a bit hard on Miguel than to shock you with the truth. There have been some queer happenings lately both here at the Alamo and at Jose's. Last night a bunch of Jose's best ponies came up missing and the boys have been trailing him since sunrise."

"John Alleyne, do you mean to let those savages of yours murder a man here on the Alamo just for the sake of a few bronchos?" Margaret faced him sternly, and Alleyne lost his hard kept patience.

"You forget that there are men's laws to be considered as well as God's, and out here on the fringe of the world the code knows no greater crime than lifting a broncho, and the lifting of many bronchos aggravates the case. It is not a question in which my wife may meddle." And Alleyne strode toward the corral, while Margaret picked up the glasses.

The wind blown stretch of bare brown mesa told her nothing of the tragedy brewing behind its crest. She watched Alleyne until her eyes ached. A clatter of hoofs and a voice calling her name brought her to the door, where a half bronzed cayuse snorted and pawed. Astride of him sat Bright Eyes, Miguel's Indian wife, the brown baby swung to her back. There was a queer ashen pallor on the woman's stolid face as she slid from the pony's back, one hand clenching at the deer-skin thong that held the papoose. "White man got Miguel. Miguel he die." Here she pointed to her throat and made a gasping sound. "White man got Miguel. Miguel he die."

Margaret covered before the awful pleading in those savage eyes. "Not a question in which my wife may meddle," John had said, but there was no time to weigh scruples, and five minutes later a strangely assorted party rode into the face of the setting sun, and the rough little cayuse strove to keep pace with the swinging stride of the Hindu mare. Far ahead a black dot moved against the sky that Margaret knew to be Alleyne. A glimmer of consequences flashed across her mind, but the sweet young mouth only grew a little firmer as she struck the trail of many horses and knew the goal to be in sight.

On and on, sagebrush and prickly pear, the yellow sand beneath, and overhead the blue melting into the evening's violet crown, nature's own smile upon the scene that swept into view, where men and horses were grouped around the impassive figure wrapped in the ragged poncho that lounged in careless grace against the white scarred trunk of a large mesquite. Margaret's eyes went instinctively to the larrikin knotted about the bronze throat. It was not the first time that Miguel had felt it there, but Rusty Pete himself held the end of this one.

The voices hushed instantly, and to a man the wide sombreros were lifted as Margaret slipped from the saddle and stood looking from one dark face to another. An awful sense of self engulfed her, and in another moment Miguel's case would have been lost. But the grim set of Alleyne's mouth as he stared toward her gave her the courage that to him of cowardice. Before

he could reach her she had broken through the circle in Miguel's side, and the sun struck along the barrel of a revolver leveled straight at Rusty Pete. "Drop that rope!" she cried. "Pete let go as if the barrel were red hot iron; then she advanced to face the ring of Miguel's accusers. "Then of the Alamo, you are angry. This man is but one, hunted and helpless, but the type man that moves toward him does so at his peril. If you persist in taking him it will be over my body!"

Alleyne's eyes were blazing, but not a man stirred for a long moment, an interminable time it seemed to the woman who stood between that ring of fierce faces and their prey.

"God in heaven, will it last forever?" Her brain was reeling, and the black figures danced in a blood red mist as the silent battle was almost done when a wild yell from the darkening mesa scattered the circle to right and left as the men from Jose's galloped in. "Cut that rope!" yelled the leader as he bore down upon the group under the mesquite.

Margaret staggered blindly into Alleyne's arms, seeing nothing but the flash of Pete's knife as he cut the thongs, then utter blackness until she awoke to the white walls of her own room.

Alleyne was bending over her. There was something distinctly apologetic in his attitude. Margaret grasped her advantage. "Well?" Her tone was tentative. Alleyne settled himself on the edge of the bed, laughing a bit unaccountably.

"I suppose you have the best of me, little woman. Your dramatic entrance upon the scene saved the day or we would have sent Miguel on the long ride on another man's count. Jose's men would have come too late."

"Who did it?"

"One of the greasers. Miguel had been over to the post loading up on fire water, as usual, and the greaser ran across him just about the time he discovered that the boys were close on his trail. Things were getting pretty warm for him when he persuaded Miguel to take charge of the ponies while he skipped out. Naturally the boys did not stop to question Miguel from the ranch and the proof trotting alongside. It would have been all over for Miguel but for the fact that the greaser met a man who had good reasons for wanting to find him—and found him. Explanations came later, and when the greaser realized that a few bronchos more or less couldn't count against a man who had only about twenty minutes to live he set things in motion to reach Miguel. That is all the story."

The south wind rustled the vines in the patio. Margaret looked down to the grove of mesquite just beyond the big corral, where a brown baby rolled in the dust at the door of Miguel's tepee. Alleyne's eyes followed hers. He understood.

The Open Mind in Travel.

To leave oneself behind is perhaps the first and best initiation for travel. As one steps on the train, or goes up the gangplank one says farewell to that wearing and aggravating personality who has lived so close to you for months, demanding, exacting, questioning, exhausting us with anxieties and brooding troubles. It requires no entire essay of Montaigne's to prove to us how "that spirit often hindereth itself." Fresh fields and pastures new ahead and the hour to throw aside the old and put the best foot foremost bring a new heart as readily as conversation. Care is shifted from the shoulders; the back is turned upon tedious reiterated obligations, and adventures and strangeness, so exhilarating after a long siege of the accustomed round, are ahead. Montaigne says that some one reported to Socrates that a certain man was in no wise improved by his travels, and he replied, "I can well believe it, since he took himself along."—Louise Collier Willcox in Harper's Bazar.

The Real North Pole.

The popular idea of the compass is that it is an instrument having a freely moving needle which points to the north pole. But the needle points to the north pole when the compass is situated on the meridian of longitude that runs through the north magnetic pole. The real or geographic north pole and the magnetic north pole are not in the same place. The magnetic north pole, toward which the compass needle really points, is situated in the northern part of Canada in northern latitude 76 degrees 5 minutes and longitude 96 degrees 43 minutes west from Greenwich. It was first visited in 1831 by Sir James Ross. The south magnetic pole is in a corresponding position in the antarctic region. It was discovered by Sir Ernest Shackleton's expedition to be latitude 72 degrees 35 minutes south and longitude 154 degrees east.—St. Nicholas.

The Kaiser's Palaces.

The number of the Kaiser's palaces is largely due to the fact that the Prussian monarchy has absorbed many minor German states, including the kingdom of Hanover, the duchy of Nassau and the electorate of Hesse-Cassel. All the palaces and castles of the rulers of these states thus passed into the possession of the reigning house of Prussia, as it was considered injudicious either to destroy or to sell them for fear of impairing the popularity of Hohenzollern rule. Thus it is that the emperor is burdened with the possession of more than three-score residences, some of which he has never seen and many of which are totally unsuited for royal habitation. Although their maintenance entails a heavy drain upon his exchequer, they cannot for political reasons be either sold or leased.—Munsey's Magazine.

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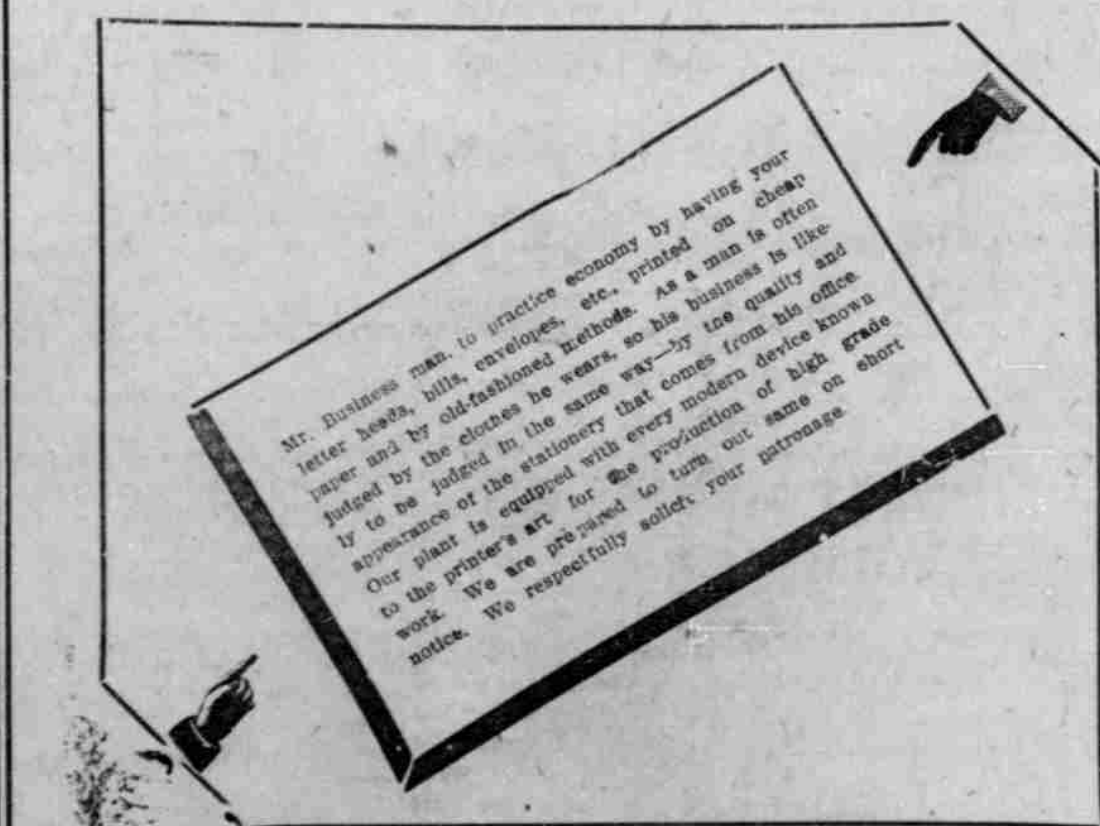
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